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Man, the earth and God and
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Man, the Earth and God

AND

Verses for the Times.

BY

PERCY RUSSELL



LONDON :

ARTHUR H. STOCKWELL,

29, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4.



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Man, the Earth and God

AND

Verses for the Times.

BY

PERCY RUSSELL

Author of "The Indictment of the Kaiser,"

"After This Life," "Christine," etc.

— — — — —
'Tis through poetry—we know it—
Things divine to life are brought,
Messenger of God, the poet,
Shows the majesty of thought.
Poetry is the refiner,
Lifting man and woman high,
Bringing them a life diviner,
And the soul that cannot die.

Poetry in youth implanted,
Can enoble every one.
Bringing them to realms enchant-
Lit by an unsetting sun. [ed
Poetry, if men would heed it,
As to death the way is trod,
Shows the life that will succeed it,
And reveals the love of God.

— — — — —
LONDON :
ARTHUR H. STOCKWELL,
29, LUDGATE HILL, E.C. 4.

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THESE VERSES
ARE
INSCRIBED TO MY BELOVED WIFE

A woman, gentle, good and pure,
With all the virtues that endure,
Her path in Life through Love she trod,
And she shall see the Face of Gód;
No Judge for her, the Father He
To whom she daily bent the knee.

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MAN, THE EARTH AND GOD.

Formed from the dust, his flesh from earth
In tissues finely spun,
Its noblest in inherent worth,
The cherished of the sun,
The earth the life of man sustains
While here he draws his breath ;
The place of all his joys and pains,
Receiving him at death.
Earth's iron flows amid his blood,
She gives him vital heat ;
*Does not the sea in ebb and flow
Through all his pulses beat ?
For is not man at one with earth,
While Nature claims him hers ;
With all her forces from his birth
To him she ministers ?
The melody of many a bird,
The music of the wind—
By these the human heart is stirred,
These form the human mind.
For all external Nature must
In much man's nature frame,
That he may glorify the dust
From which at first he came.
For centuries on centuries
The earth has been man's toy,
Subject to all he could devise
To torture and destroy,
Earth's tenant for some fleeting years,
What havoc mankind makes,
While angels watch, unseen in tears,
The things man mars and breaks.

*See "The Philosophy of Life," by Frederic von Schlegel, section The Affinity of Man to the Earth.

He tortures Nature for his sport,
And from her bosom rends
The life within her, for a short
Enjoyment of his ends,
All lower creatures are his prey,
And cruel oft is he—
Consuming thousands for his play
And sensuality.
Placed on this earth to keep it fair
As from God's hand it came,
The annals of man's works declare
How much of guilt and shame.
It was not meant that man should blind
His spiritual eyes
In things material, still to find
His chiefest exercise.
A flying man—his latest guise—
His newest toys are wings—
Surpassed by every bird that flies—
What profit in such things?
Man's proper sphere is thought alone
That gives him wings to rise,
That he may reach God's holy throne
And conquer Paradise !
If angels view the ways of men,
How well they might suppose
They never hoped to live again
When here their lives they close.
Earth's tenant for a fleeting life,
Man wrecks his dwelling-place,
And loads himself with pain and strife,
God's image to efface.
And some who final leisure win,
That greatest gift of all,
Consume it in some sensual sin
That makes them Satan's thrall.
" From battle, murder, sudden death,
Good Lord deliver us,"
Since man received from God his breath ;
His prayer should still be thus.
Yet this last century seems to find
The dotage of the race,

With just for sport sufficient mind
True progress to disgrace.
And Rome in her declining hour
Was not more base than we
Who dare to spend our wealth and power,
On things that should not be !
Alas ! that in earth's latest time
Men should apostate grow,
With progress still in vice and crime.
Towards eternal woe.
If we could only see aright
The longest life is short—
But darkness we mistake for light,
And man is Satan's sport.
If law in God could have its base,
The world would altered be,
And in His service every race
Were then completely free.
The glory of the intellect,
And all the world can give—
Ah, these are things of no effect
Unless again we live.
The things that we should cultivate
Are purity and love,
The pledge of an enduring state
With God who reigns above.
No eye can see, no mind conceive.
To all the world unknown,
What comes to those who once believe,
When Christ shall claim His own !
The forces that are daily spent
On things we see and feel,
If to the spiritual bent ;
A new world would reveal.
If love had only liberty
To show its nature true,
Embracing men, as earth the sea,
How soon this earth were new ;
An Eden such as Adam trod,
With heaven's smile above,
Each action service true of God.
And freedom found in love !

What millions have on earth been born
And laboured to their rest,
Who knew not that this world to scorn
In God would make them blessed !
Alas ! if only from the first
Mankind had been but wise,
They could have made Creation burst
Into a Paradise.
In every child of Adam's race,
Though stained by evil dark,
There is that gift of heavenly grace,
One spiritual spark.
Compared with that our earthly life,
And all that comes from clay,
Though crowned from every mortal strife,
Is as the night to day.
The way to heaven is not found
Through knowing many things,
And haughty Science, robed and crowned,
Has only earthly wings.
The ignorant may oft be more
Acceptable to God,
Than those who to the highest lore
The paths of science trod.
Oh, if we made of earthly life
Ere we begin to fail,
Ere we are blinded by the strife,
A thin, transparent veil,
Through which we always could discern
The endless life to be,
What blessed lessons we should learn,
What lovely visions see !
The triumph of the clay is but
A passing, fleeting show,
Unless God's spark within us shut
Begins ere death to glow.
In flesh and blood we all are born,
Through sin we all must die ;
The spirit only knows that morn
That is Eternity.
Alas ! that nearly all our powers
Are on the body spent,

And if the mind in beauty flowers,
We mostly are content.
Ah, who can tell if all the force
In things we leave behind,
Had turned into a moral course,
How changed were every mind.
Suppose that law to love were turned,
And sympathy had sway,
And that ambition only yearned
For an eternal day.
Oh, who can tell what unguessed power
Within the human soul
Would then in wondrous beauty flower
Escaping death's control?
The world and all its works would then
A matchless beauty gain,
And death no longer over men
As now, despotic reign.
The twentieth century came and yet
On earth we could not see
Two nations even that had met
In Christian unity :
Alas ! indeed, there is not one
As on the ages glide,
By whom the will of God is done.
Whatever may betide.
And yet I think one nation might
In an unbroken line,
Have spread abroad that glorious light
That is the life divine.
Have saints and martyrs lived in vain,
Whose record is on high ?
Must we to pagans turn again,
As beasts to live and die ?
But day succeeds the darkest hour,
Oh, Christ, the world dethrone—
Come back with an Almighty power
And vindicate Thine own !
Had man been wise he would have made
The earth one temple grand,
God's glory in his works displayed,
For which the earth was planned.

Then man himself, a temple too,
In unison with earth,
Would through such worship, pure and true,
Attain the second birth :
Had man but warred on sin as he
Has warred through sin till now,
A crown of immortality
Would rest on every brow !

MUSIC.

Can there be souls that ne'er have sprung,
Responsive to that tender tongue
Which God has given every leaf,
To heighten joy, to solace grief ?
A diapason that includes
Sea, mountains, plains, sky, winds and woods ;
Nature's sweet voices that reveal
The most to those who deepest feel ;
The only tongue by heavenly grace
Made common to the human race.

ENGLAND'S TALENTS.

Can two together walk, unless agreed ?
The Prophet asked of old, when Israel's seed
Turned from the path they once with Moses trod
And gave to idols what they owed to God.
And as with Israel when they ceased to plough
The righteous way, is it with England now.
Survey all History's field and closely scan
What Heaven has meted to progressive man
And answer for what nation 'neath the sun
Has God the most in sequent ages done ?
A thousand years have passed since o'er this isle
Augustine shed the Gospel's tender smile
And raised the Cross, a symbol surely meant
For us to carry to each continent.
Riches and power and Wisdom's sunshine bright
Nursed in this land a Chivalry of Light,
That Englishmen, a Brotherhood of Grace,
Might bear the Cross to every Heathen place.
The seas that join the nations they divide
To England's keeping Heaven did confide
And ships unnumbered in a Holy Trust,
Ten thousand Talents on one Nation thrust.
Imagine England what she might have been
And all the world were then an altered scene
Her conquered rivals, Portugal and Spain,
Not blessed with Light as she, sent o'er the main
Their missionaries in sincere Crusade,
But England followed in the cause of Trade,
Interring Talents given her in trust
Deep under hills of Mammon's golden dust.
Had God been first and Christ the only end,
Had we known how our Talents to expend
Then had the Red Cross of Saint George been flown
Unchallenged and supreme from zone to zone,
While round the world the Gospel Message ran
Of universal Peace and Love to man.
For this was England's strength through ages wrought,
For this was she endowed with glorious Thought,
For this alone did Providence decree
Complete Diminution over every sea.

And safety by whatever foes assailed,
That she might triumph just where Israel failed.
Then had the Island Throne and sceptre strong
Fulfilled the promise of Isaiah's song ;
While earth to Sin and Death no more a prey,
Bloomed like a Rose beneath the Saviour's sway !

THE TWO LIVES.

If Socialists were really wise,
They would devote their power
To where man's truest interest lies
Beyond his dying hour.
Man is not served at all apart
From what to God is due,
This world improved by every art,
Is nothing to the new,
And human life how short the term,
As on to death we pass ;
Ambition cannot cheat the worm
And Flesh is only grass.
The hope alone to live again
Can fill this life with joy,
Can solace trouble, banish pain
And every ill destroy.
You say you'll build a perfect State
And men and women mould.
In your conceit you would create
Another ! Age of Gold,
But to what end ? To feed the grave
If God you would dethrone,
You think that man himself can save,
For Bread you give a stone,
This Life is but the road to what
Must follow after death
That Life you say concerns us not
And Prayer is waste of breath.
Oh fools ! to wage a futile strife,
The vital point you miss,
The fittest for the future Life
Are fittest too, for this !

LOVE—IN TWO PHASES.

Who says the youthful lover cries,
That Passion ever satisfies,
That for one instant it can be
Akin to dull satiety ?
When Passion has inflamed his mind,
He finds a maiden sweet and kind
Her smiles alone can fill the hours
With glowing gleams of Phantom flowers,
And from her eyes she looks can throw
Surpassing all the ruby's glow,
To kindle fresh his wild desire
And set his very soul on fire.
What though her robes, like blossoms rare,
Can scatter fragrance on the air,
Will Passion stay when Age has come
And every sense is dead or numb ?
Alas ! for those who thus condense
The Love they feel in fleeting sense.
For there will come a fatal hour
When passion loses all its power,
When charms that thrilled, are faded quite
And nought is sweet to touch or sight,
When Passion's fires have burned away
And left but ashes cold and grey.
Be wise and love for things within,
The things that Life enduring win,
The virgin soul, the feelings chaste,
The things that Death can never taste,
The things that as we older grow,
In beauty through the body glow
The things that youth alone can save,
The things that never know the grave.
Be wed in mind, be wed in heart,
Like Mary choose the better part,
Be wise, for only love like this
Attains to everlasting bliss,
Uniting those on earth who trod
Unto each other and to God !

COMMON THINGS.

Life's common things, to many make
Of happiness the sum,
Though small the heed of them we take
If still to us they come.
The aspects of the daily sky,
The traffic of the street,
And things quite common oft supply
Diversion true and sweet.
The commonplace that crowds our life
'Gainst which we oft inveigh,
The day with petty matters rife,
Much pleasure may convey.
Though few so much as this confess,
At home one peaceful hour,
To many gives more happiness
Than Pleasure's sweetest flower.
A day without a pain or sigh,
And of excitement void,
Exceeds much joy for which we try
Until by it we're cloyed,
The common things of life should win
Our gratitude sincere,
For them at least we never sin,
To all they should be dear.
When sated in Success's hour
When we are proud and vain,
It oft has not the slightest power
To vanquish grief and pain.
The quiet of the common place
Is oft to us a balm,
If after joys we vainly chase
It brings to us a calm.
If we were raised to highest state—
To all good fortune brings,
That never us could compensate
For loss of Common things.

THE MIRACLE OF SPACE.

Go forth in space—in thought you may,
Beyond the stars the Milky way,
And meet the light of stars whose birth
Is not yet known upon the earth.
Those stars that in the sky appear
To be unto each other near,
Although between them space extends
Whose vastness human thought transcends
Still travel with exploring mind,
And well you know you cannot find
Above, beneath, beyond the end
Of space that ever must extend,
That greatest riddle ever wrought
To paralyse profoundest thought.
No answer out of space can come
This Sphinx to mortals still is dumb
Its awful mystery confined
Alone to the Eternal mind
But whence the human mind inquires
Material for those solar fires
That light and warm this world of our's
The mainspring of all mortal powers
In forming here and there a clod
That may become a child of God,
We know not and we cannot know,
Until from earthly life we go
When if immortal Life we win
An education will begin.
Compared to which all Science here,
A thing quite childish will appear.

SCIENCE AND WARFARE.

Science warfare has befriended
To its everlasting shame,
Gold and Glory murder blended,
Man's destruction for its aim.
How can men with genius gifted
Prostitute it thus for gain,
Knowing they are hell-ward drifted
With the progeny of gain.
All the honours that have crowned them
Will be impotent to save,
When they see the millions round them
Whom they sent into the grave.
Have they never thoughts appalling
They who have to glory trod,
Of that Judgment Trumpet calling
Murderers to the Bar of God !

CONSCRIPTION.

Conscription is a Governmental crime
An utter shame to any Christian State,
For war it would alas ! perpetuate.
It is the foe of Liberty sublime
It levels Nations as they upward climb
To higher spheres where all is truly great
And past the folly of all National hate
Thus bringing man to the Millennial time
The soldier through the Past has always kept
The Peoples from Fraternity and Love
He with death dealing storms the world has swept
Until War's eagle has destroyed the Dove
God sent to Christ with peace and pardon for
Mankind if only they would sin no more !

BLOCKING THE WAY.

Progress material is blocking the way
Daily to issues for which we should pray
The Flesh with the Spirit is always at strife,
Closing the windows that open on Life ;
On Life that is real, not seeming like this
Where we barter pure joys for a sensual bliss,
We alter the features of Nature's fair face
Till the labours of man leave of God's not a trace.
Let us cease from this making of things we must leave,
And turn to the things that can never deceive,
Things that bring riches no money can buy,
Things to be ours whenever we die
For the joy that is sensual is doomed to decay,
And the bitter remains while the sweets pass away,
But the joy that is born out of Purity's womb
Gives a lamp to illumine the night of the Tomb.

EMPIRE OR GOD.

Long ages pass across the wave
Our England went to sweep away
The Moslem from the Saviour's grave
At which uncounted pilgrims pray.
Some centuries later Russia sought
To do the thing that we had done,
But England all her Empire brought
To aid the Moslem Cause and won.
Why, why was this ? Let India tell
Where Islam we in folly crowned,
Our rulers feared they would rebel
If we 'gainst Islam had been found.
With Christian blood our Flag we stained
That Islam might victorious be,
And thus our Empire we retained :
Betraying Christianity !

THY KINGDOM COME.

"Thy Kingdom come"—from day to day
How many millions voice that prayer,
Who still pursue their worldly way
As though they thought to find it there.
If prayers meant deeds as prayers should do,
If those who prayed would only strive
If only they were pure and true,
How soon that Kingdom would arrive !
"Thy Kingdom come," but some reply :
"What can we do, we are too weak ?
The task for us is far too high,
That Kingdom is too far to seek."
"Thy Kingdom come," have faith and pray,
Be good, and leave to God the rest,
And in you on that very day
God's Kingdom will be manifest !

PAX BRITANNICA.

Let Britain grow from sea to sea,
And round the world her banners wave,
To bless the earth with liberty,
Till there remains no single slave.
Let Britain grow from sea to sea,
To bind the world in chains of gold,
Of Commerce and of Industry,
And virtues never bought or sold.
Let Britain grow from sea to sea,
The nations with her might to bless,
Advancing all Humanity
In solid good and happiness.
Let Britain grow from sea to sea,
Her Crown imperial without flaw,
Her Rule the Rule of Equity
To bring all despots under Law.
Let Britain grow from sea to sea,
Her language spoken over earth,
Till every alien longs to be
A citizen of British birth.

Let Britian grow from sea to sea
In strength that makes all war to cease,
Until at last mankind shall be
Beneath her Shield in perfect Peace.

ARMENIA.

When the Armenians in their evil day
To Turkish wrath became a helpless prey,
The sword of England sprang not from its sheath,
To snatch one child from the destroyer's teeth,
From death to tear a Christian race away,
And add to England's glory one more ray !
If one were asked to find a single name
That would convict of an undying shame,
That would convict of an enormous guilt,
The world religious on Christ's sufferings built,
Wherein the hopes of Christendom expire,
To brand for doom and retribution dire,
That at Doomsday in trumpet notes will sound,
That awful word is in Armenia found !

Individual and National Christianity.

Full many a home throughout the land is found,
Where Christian Truth is practised as professed,
Where minds devout upon the Bible rest ;
Where prayers go up with no uncertain sound,
Where loving hearts with virtues pure abound ;
Where men and women give to God their best,
Nor seek in science for their faith a test.
In homes like these you tread on holy ground,
But while much individual life is fraught
With all befitting to the Christian state,
To what a pass has policy been brought
Wherein religion has no longer weight.
Where are the nations now who hold it shame,
To bring dishonour on the Christian name.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Glancing over vanished ages, see we not that saints and
sages
Have been busy in forecasting all some future Age should be.
Every People good possessing, dowered with material
blessing,
Rich in every good thing lasting and from evil wholly free.
Warfare was to be abolished and all Tyranny demolished.
Virtue was to be victorious and all men and women free.
Love throughout the world extending, Force and hate
together ending
With a future bright and glorious, triumph of Humanity !
Truth and justice, Peace and Plenty, with the century
numbered twenty
Was to be an era bearing blessings never known before.
But its dawning only brought us horrors that, alas ! have
taught us
Of mankind to be despairing and their actions to deplore
Millions now are vainly asking why is this ? and overtaking
To despair the human reason that enigma to explain—
Why have Christian nations striven to defy the Will of
Heaven
Facing God in awful Treason to postpone Messiah's reign ?
Christianity had ended every evil, if extended
Round the whole world as completely as we have extended
Trade
Christendom were recreated, if with Love once animated,
And if Christians laboured meetly trusting still in God for
aid !

A CROWN WITHOUT A CROSS.

I loved him, and he died in youth,
I mourn, but not with hopeless grief,
Because his soul was white as truth,
His record had no blotted leaf.
His heart was warm with love's pure fire ;
He never knew a broken trust,
Or lived to see his hopes expire
In ashes, as so many must.
His Rose of Life was half unblown ;
Its sweetness grew from day to day ;
The cares of age to him unknown,
His morning had no evening grey,
'Tis well, in wisdom's matchless mail
Temptation to the dust to smite,
But bravest hearts will sometimes fail,
When too prolonged and fierce the fight.
It may be that the King of Heaven
Elects to have among His train
Some scarless saints with hearts unriven,
And hands for service, free from stain !
The innocence that knew no guile,
The lips that could not frame a lie,
Receive from Christ the sweetest smile
Of recognition when they die.
He died and I lament, but yet
My sorrow is not darkness too,
For Christ His Own will not forget
And all He promised He can do.
To die without a load of sin,
Is worth of many years the loss,
And happy they who thus can win
A Heavenly crown without a cross !

THE NEW OCEAN.

The air is an ocean surrounding the earth,
And from it Fruition and Beauty had birth.
Now man, after ages, in foolishness tries
To make a new sea by invading the skies.

And the world has now entered an era of dread,
With fleets still increasing to fly overhead.
Each shipwreck above us a terror must be,
And horrors past words in the future I see.
But why were the nations so mad to allow
One Airship the deserts of Cloudland to plough ?
And never to Cloudland will man be the same,
And Science for ever the Airship will shame.
Why, why were none with the courage to stay
The giving to Death a new engine to slay ?
Now the air, where no mortal can tread or has trod,
Through a wicked invention is stolen from God.
What folly, what madness, this Ocean to win
In the Airship for man a new hell will begin !

THE RED ENSIGN.

Though oft beneath the ensign white
The cannon's flash has showed
The way to glory, true and bright,
Along each ocean road ;
Although the feeble and oppressed
That Flag has often cheered,
Beneath whose folds no slave can rest,
That Flag by tyrants feared.
As glorious is that ensign Red
That flies on every sea,
And Commerce hath to Conquest wed
That Crown of industry.
The Flag of Man that ensign red,
Supreme on every sea,
Some day o'er all the earth shall spread
In true fraternity.
For Commerce in the end must bind
Beneath its peaceful sway
All nations in an equal mind
Upon each waterway.
And when a Federated world
Hath seen the war fiend die,
That Ensign Red shall still unfurled
On every ocean fly.

A STUDY IN WOMANHOOD.

A healing hand, a soothing voice,
Were potent charms in her,
The suffering she could rejoice
Of Hope the minister.
Her Presence was as sunshine bright,
To make the sorrowing glad,
And from her presence came a light
Of Solace for the sad.
Self in her spirit had no part,
Her kindness had no end,
She was a creature full of heart,
A firm and faithful friend.
To know her was to love her well,
She was so pure and good ;
She cast on all the sweetest spell
Of Holy Womanhood.
The spell of holy womanhood
No greater can there be,
In her no evil could intrude,
An earthly angel she.
A maid to make a perfect wife,
And lift some man above
This world into that higher life
Whose source is woman's love.

ENGLAND'S GLORY.

England now should be a centre
Radiating light to enter,
Over earth all heathen places,
And apostate countries too,
Ocean unto ocean knitting,
Senseless ways of Mammon quitting,
Joining all the coloured races,
Just the will of God to do.
England has an Empire splendid,
Not alone for her intended,
Mighty over every ocean
And supreme from zone to zone
England Empire has been given
To fulfil designs of Heaven
And restore that old devotion,
Once the base of Church and Throne.
That is England's glorious mission
Empire given on condition
That its strength shall be devoted
To evangelise the race.
Purity with Peace to marry
And around the world to carry
Christianity promoted
All beside it to displace.
England is an Empire greatest
And it is to be the latest
For that most transcendent glory
To prepare the Saviour's way.
But if false unto her mission
England's end will be perdition,
Revelation tells that story,
On the awful Judgment Day.
Hebrews were at first appointed,
To bring forth a King anointed,
God's Vicegerent—read the story
In the Bible handed down.
Now if the Almighty serving
Faithful loyal and unswerving,
She will find her final glory,
Helping Christ on earth to crown !

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

When all creation lay in blackest Night,
While Nature slept with undeveloped powers,
Ere Time began to measure out the hours,
God spake those wondrous words "Let there be Light"
And in an instant everything was bright.
The Solar system burst into a blaze,
To God its virgin sacrifice of praise
Wherein the stars, the moon and sun, unite.
But while such splendour through Creation ran,
Revealing beauty God pronounced as good,
Preparing earth to greet primeval man,
With what resplendent light is heaven endued :
And the Redeemed, with wonder dumb, will know
That greater Light that round God's Throne must glow !

On the Recognition of Buddhism as a State Religion in Ceylon.

All middle courses fatal still must be
With men or nations, when with God they deal ;
With prayers of compromise, we vainly kneel ;
With God excuses are iniquity ;
And Christ is crucified again, when we
Our Christian cowardice, as now, reveal
Through sanction of the Buddhists praying wheel.
That Hindoos may our false religion see !
What wrecked the kingdom David left his son
But that apostate kings of Hebrew race,
Deemed it expedient, to their deep disgrace.
To blend with heathens they were warned to shun,
Beware then, England, ere it is too late,
Lest thou in India meet the Hebrews' fate !

THE PROGRESS OF ENGLAND.

To put the world in perfect order, so
That all its needful work should smoothly go,
Without additions or complexity,
To render mankind soul and body free,
Were surely Progress worthy of the name ;
That progress to promote the Saviour came.
Then men and women, ground no more to dust,
And Mammon banished with all things unjust,
All might ascend the higher life to know,
Endowed with ample leisure here below.
Alas ! is that the aim of modern thought,
To free the labourer what has science wrought ?
Material progress ought to lessen toil,
But all its triumphs are the rich man's spoil.
Were these diffused and common to the race,
The world, indeed, would be an altered place ;
To make it so, Christ on this Earth once trod,
And taught the Progress that must lead to God !
Not such the progress that to us has come ;
The Bible silenced by the soldier's drum,
Our patriots true, rebuked as traitors vile
Because they cannot on our failings smile.
A patriot—can that lofty name belong
To one who lauds his country, right or wrong ?
I think it is agreed the greatest man
Whatever he has wrought, not justly can
Be held to youth as an example high,
Whose life is stained by crimes of deepest dye.
But if this principle for men is true.
It surely must apply to nations too.
Who kills for spite or greed his private foe
Must, if detected, to the scaffold go ;
Though when in thousands soldiers do this thing,
How great the glory it to them will bring !
To steal a purse is rightly held a crime,
To steal a country is an act sublime.
And Christian churches bless with prayer and praise
Their country's army that to conquer slays.
'Tis common to all nations when they fight,
Yet prayers conflicting hardly can be right !

No matter what the thousands that they kill,
How many homes that they with mourners fill,
The arch of triumph and the rolling drum,
The cheering crowds to see the heroes come—
All this awaits the men who wisely steal
And murder wholesale for the common weal !
Our Empire, as our safety still depends
Upon the Navy that our coast defends,
Our millions, fed on sea-borne wheat and flour,
Where would they be without our ocean power ?
If one Sedan befell our battle ships,
Should we not know political eclipse ?
For in these days, when science orders war,
Can courage claim another Trafalgar ?
All the devotion of the sons of Spain
Counted for nothing on the Cuban Main,
And if we lost supremacy at sea,
England would an unvictualled fortress be !

Let this give pause to those who fancy maps,
If coloured red, can never mean collapse,
And that extention in mere breadth and length
Of Britain's Empire must condition strength.
Our new ambition is to proudly trail
Across the world a glittering peacock's tail,
Blazing with gems we by the sword have won
From almost every nation neath the sun.
These watch the hour, when gorged with gain, supine,
As Rome once lay along her frontier line,
Our foes rush in to reap the vengeance sown
By deeds unjust that England should disown.
There was a time when it was truth to say
Wherever England did our flag display,
There equity was present, clear as light,
And Force subordinated to the Right,
While all who saw the conflict ever knew
That England present, there was Freedom too !
What constitutes a happy model state ?
It is a people, governed to create
Within their borders all they want of food ;
For such a nation cannot be subdued ;
Thence comes of freeman true, the noblest breed,
Whence justice, peace and equity proceed.

The land well peopled and the cities few,
No poor, no rich, but all men well to do.
Such independence far out does in worth
The blood—bought empires that have cursed the earth :
For independence is a thing alone
That lifts the lowest to a kingly throne.

THE WIFE AND THE BRIDE.

Bed is the place with a loving face
To smile from the pillow beside,
With eyes that are true as they gaze upon you
From the Wife who is always a Bride !
He who is thinking some woman of linking
To him for the rest of his life,
Should always provide that his love for the Bride
Is greater each year for the Wife !

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